

Military Lace Shoes

For Ladies

The Popular Dress Shoe for Fall

The sale on this shoe has so far exceeded all expectation that we have been unable to keep sizes at all times. We have just received complete line of sizes in dull and patent leather, plain toe, military lace boots with new Cuban Louis heel

Priced at
\$3.00 and 3.50 pr.



WALK OVER

Same style boots, of a better grade, dull and patent, button.

Priced at **\$4.00** per pair
We have a **GOLD SEAL** Rubber made especially to fit this style boot.

BUNDY & AMEY

45 Main Street St. Johnsbury

WHERE SHOES ARE FITTED

MANY CASES FOR TRIAL

(Continued from page one.)

Barnet; A. S. Clark, Groton; A. W. Coffrin, Groton; Levi P. Dean, Sutton; Charles C. Drew, Danville; Lewis I. Fisher, Danville; David Frechette, St. Johnsbury; H. L. Fyler, Burke; Albert George, Hardwick; Charles K. Gibson, Ryegate; Fred Gonyau, Wheelock; Edwin A. Gray, St. Johnsbury; George I. Green, Danville; Walter H. Hostford, Newark; Lyle S. Hutchins, Stannard; F. L. Judd, Groton; Newell J. Kingsbury, Walden; Frank H. Leach, Kirby; Benjamin Manchester, Barnet; Comer E. Moore, Peacham; Azro M. Peck, St. Johnsbury; E. E. Renfrew, Ryegate; F. C. Richardson, Waterford; O. C. Spencer, Burke; H. Clinton Stevens, Hardwick; Allen Underwood, St. Johnsbury; Don W. Wheeler, Sutton; William H. Wheatley, Hardwick; Leo D. Williams, Watford.

As previously reported the first case will be that of Percy D. Sanderson vs Boston and Maine R. R. to be heard by a jury. The men called to serve on this case are—Barnet, Walter H. Johnson, L. H. Thornton; Burke B. D. Ruggles; Hardwick, F. T. Taylor; C. A. Stanford; C. L. French; C. S. Copp; Kirby, W. P. Russell; Lyndon, J. W. Eastman; G. A. Whipple; C. D. Hubbard; Newark, H. D. Pack; Morse; Ryegate, N. A. Park; Samuel Mills; Stannard, W. H. Alston; Sheffield, H. P. Simpson; Harry Davis; Walden, J. B. Goshalt; Waterford, F. C. Bullock; Wheelock, C. A. Welch; D. M. McLean.

WOMAN FARMER SUCCEEDS

Has Made A Record That Shows What Is Possible.

An unusual example of successful farming by a woman comes in the report that Mrs. George Granger, formerly Mrs. Robert Rudolph of the Powna Road is planning to leave during the coming week for a trip across the continent and a visit to the exhibitions at San Francisco and San Diego, Cal. Several years ago Mrs. Granger's first husband died suddenly, leaving her with three small children, one of whom was an infant, without insurance and with no other provision than a moderate sized farm of 100 acres and a few head of stock. Mrs. Granger is reported to have had her choice of disposing of the property for what it would bring and moving to some city where she might secure work for daily wages, or retaining the farm and attempting to run it herself. Reasoning that the latter was the best solution in consideration for her children and that it would provide them not only as good a living but a better environment than the cities, Mrs. Granger began to work the farm herself. She was unable to hire help the first year, but set the children to attending to light tasks indoors while she went into the fields herself and did the heavy work, hiring a little help to aid her in harvest time. Not only did she provide a living for herself and children, but she has laid aside enough money so that at the end of three years of hard work she now has regular hired help, an exceptionally good piece of farming property and has decided that she has earned a vacation. She is to spend a month on a trip to the coast, returning after the Christmas holidays. One child will accompany her.

—The Sunday School Teachers' Training Class will meet at 7:30 Friday evening at the Fairbanks Museum for the second lesson of the course. E. A. Silsby, who has been in Palestine, will read a paper on his trip to Jerusalem and neighboring cities. Rev. Mr. Boyd will speak on "Interest and Attention."

POSTMASTER LINCOLN.

What Happened When He Was Called Upon to Square Accounts.

On May 7, 1833, says F. F. Browne in "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln," Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem, Ill., by President Jackson. The duties of the position were light, for there was only one mail a week and the remuneration was correspondingly small.

The office was too insignificant to be considered politically, and it was given to the young man because every one liked him and because he was the only man willing to take it who could make out the returns. He was exceedingly pleased with the appointment because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper that was taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted, and the office gave him the prospect of a constant feast. Not wishing to be tied to the office, since it yielded him no revenue that would reward him for the confinement, he made a postoffice of his hat. Whenever he went out he put the letters in his hat. When a person who expected a letter met the postmaster he found also the postoffice, and the public official, taking off his hat, looked over and delivered the mail wherever the public might find him. He kept the office until it was discontinued or was removed to Petersburg.

A small balance due the government remained in Lincoln's hands at the discontinuance of the office. Time passed on and he had removed to Springfield and was practicing law, having his place of business in Dr. Henry's office. Meanwhile his struggle with poverty was unabated, and he had often been obliged to borrow money from his friends to purchase the bare necessities. It was at that juncture that a settlement of the old postoffice accounts. The interview took place in the presence of Dr. Henry, who thus described it to Mr. Browne:

"I did not believe he had the money on hand to meet the draft, and I was about to call him aside and offer to lend him the money when he asked the agent to be seated. He went over to his trunk at his boarding house and returned with an old blue sock, in which a quantity of silver and copper coins was tied up. Untying the sock, he poured the contents upon the table and proceeded to count the coins. "The government agent found that the pile contained the exact amount of the draft to a cent and in the identical coins that Mr. Lincoln had received. He never under any circumstances used trust funds."

IT WAS A TOUGH STEAK.

But the Restaurant Man Easily Fixed It When the Kick Came.

It happened in a downtown restaurant. A well dressed—as he always must be to make a good story—young man ordered a steak. The waitress, rather pretty—which qualification she must possess in writing a story of this kind—filled the order, and the young man started in to devour the feast which had been set before him.

The young man had no sooner started in on the steak than he discovered that he had a kick coming, and as the restaurant proprietor passed he stopped him by saying: "I can't eat this steak; entirely too tough. I wish you would see that I get better meats when I come in here."

"Too bad! That steak looks all right but let me get you another." And the proprietor took the steak, the silverware which had been served with it and departed. He soon returned with a steak which looked exactly like the first one. The young man picked up his knife and started at his second order. "Fine!" he said as his knife cut it apart without the least effort. The customer was pleased beyond words, and that he enjoyed the steak was evident, for he left only the plate.

As the reporter passed out he met the proprietor again, and this is what was said:

"That steak was all right, but the girl made a mistake in not giving him a sharper knife. All I did was to put the same steak on another plate and bring him a sharp knife. You have no idea what a difference a sharp knife makes with a steak from a beef of questionable age."—Columbus Dispatch.

To the College Boy.

When you enter college keep in mind the sound advice that a wise college president has offered to such as you. "Follow the preparatory school rules for the first year," he says. "Keep up the momentum that the school has given you rather than take advantage of your new liberty all at once. Watch the upper class men. See how they have improved or abused the freedom of the college life and the opportunities at the college and then deliberately make up your mind what kind of man you want to be."—Youth's Companion.

Can't Be Done.

"Mrs. Giddy has invited all the members of the sewing circle to a luncheon and matinee party."

"Doesn't she know they have been gossiping about her something awful?"

"If course she does. That's the reason she's trying to square the circle."—New York World.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Hobson—I never in all my life saw a man who could so readily guess riddles and conundrums as that Henry Peck. Dobson—No wonder! Just think of the practice he has. His wife keeps him guessing all the time.—Puck.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

No ALUM—No PHOSPHATE

EAST CONCORD

A List of Those Who Have Reported Deer—Personals.

(Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Correspondent)
The lucky deer hunters who reported to J. I. Folsom the past week are: Leo Brown, Frank Kerr, Carl Lee, Frank Kenerson, Irvin Smith, Henry Briggs, Lem Fisher, David Jock, Joseph Jock, Bert Boutain, W. H. Fuller, George Higgins, C. W. Carr, Frank Thornton, Charles Hodge, Frank Carpenter and George Proctor.

J. I. Folsom and son Ross and Lewis Stockwell returned from Averill last Sunday each bringing in a fine deer. They were away five days and were the guests of game warden, Lem Rich at his camp while there.

The road across the brook from Main street which has caused so much discord among the good people in this place has been discontinued by the order of the selectmen of the town.

Frank Seace lost his cow last Monday.

Fred Brewer of Concord was in the place running lines for J. C. McDonald last Monday.

Mrs. D. M. Smith is quite ill. Dr. Bretling is attending her.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Morrill, Miss Agnes Fisher and Lem Fisher were called to Wallingford last Sunday by the death of Samuel Phillips.

Mrs. William Sayers was in St. Johnsbury last Thursday and Friday.

Schools closed here last Friday for a week's vacation.

Fred Higgins entertained William Sargent of St. Johnsbury a part of last week.

Earl Isham and Bessie Isham drove to Lancaster, N. H., on business last Friday.

Mrs. Hiram Whipple who has spent the past seven weeks with her children in Littleton, N. H., returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Fred Whipple was called to West Lunenburg last Monday by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Orange Blood.

Mrs. A. C. Grant and daughter Helen went last Monday to Windsor for a short vacation, where Mr. Grant has a large painting job.

Mrs. George Blakeley of St. Johnsbury was a guest of Mrs. James Adair last Wednesday and Thursday.

Harry McDonald went last Saturday to Long Island, N. Y., where he has a position with the General Vehicle Co.

Mrs. Luman Ladd and son Dan of St. Johnsbury were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Nichols and Walter Nichols last week.

Miss Bertha Bishop is working for Mrs. Bert Parks. Mrs. Parks has so far recovered from her serious illness as to ride out.

The baked bean social and sale given by H. A. Smith, G. N. Morrill and C. W. Warren last Wednesday evening at Smith's hall was attended by 125 people and each pronounced it to be one of the most successful events of the season. The tables were filled with both substantial and dainty viands and the entertainment which followed the supper was opened by a march, Harold Warren at the organ; Mrs. James King favored the company with two vocal selections, assisted by Mrs. H. A. Smith at the organ; a vocal duet followed, "Robin Adair," by little Ella and Edwin Hudson with their mother. Mrs. Ed Hudson as organist and last came W. H. Morrison with two comedies, "The Honest Deacon," and "The Tragic End of the Potato Bug." Various games were played by the young people and \$21 was added to the treasury of the L. A. S.

Henry Buzzell who has spent the past few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Clark Steere returned to his home in Barre.

Alden Briggs arrived here Monday from Rumney, N. H., where he has spent the past few months.

WEST BARNET

(From another correspondent.)
So far the successful deer hunters are Neal Roy, Claude Somers, Robert Strobidge, Herbert Somers, Warren Chapman, Edwin Harvey and Daniel Harvey.

The Ladies Missionary society met with Mrs. Andrew Ritchie Friday afternoon. Seven were present and a very interesting meeting was held.

Charles Carter of Tilton, N. H., came last Wednesday for his annual hunting trip. As yet he has been unsuccessful. He is staying with his mother, Mrs. Julia Carter.

E. W. Hardy of Craftsbury spent Tuesday night at G. W. Blain's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roy visited at Orlando Carter's Thursday.

A basket ball game will be held in West Barnet hall Nov. 27 between the West Barnet and Peacham Academy teams. This is the first game the West Barnet team has scheduled.

Several from here attended the basketball game at Peacham last Saturday evening. The game was between the Peacham and Melrose Academies. The score was 38-6 in favor of Peacham.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Roy visited at Arthur Roy's from Monday until Wednesday.

Harley Watson, who is working at

Roy's saw mill cut his foot quite badly last week. He is getting along as well as can be expected.

DEER HUNTERS SHOT

Everett Cass of East Haven Seriously Wounded By His Father.

Shot by a bullet from his father's rifle when both were hunting Sunday, 14-year-old Everett Cass, son of Osmond Cass of East Haven is in a critical condition. Physicians operated Monday, removing one rib and the lad has a chance of recovery. Cass and his son started out Sunday morning for deer. In the dense woods they separated and the father sighting a deer, fired supposing his son was miles away. The boy was driving the deer toward his father and received the 30-30 bullet in his chest, as the deer bounded away unharmed. The boy's cry told his father what he had done. It was hours before the father could get help as he was five miles from aid.

Cass carried his son, who is a man in size, as far as he was able and then covered him with his coat and ran the remainder of the distance for help.

Bullet Tears Furrow In Shoulder.

Not fearing danger, because he thought the safety guard on the weapon was locked, Paul Nelson, aged 13 years, of Northfield, idly watched a companion fooling with the trigger of a rifle, the muzzle of which rested under his armpit, while the boys were on a hunting expedition Saturday morning. The gun went off, and that young Nelson is alive is due to the fact that the muzzle happened to be pointing at his shoulder rather than at some vital part of his body. As it was, the bullet tore a furrow in his shoulder and the powder burned the flesh considerably.

Tunbridge Boy Shot.

The great danger always lurking about the open deer season has contributed another serious accident to the list of such cases. About 2:30 p. m. Tuesday, Al, the third son of C. A. Tucker, 21 years of age, being the victim. Young Tucker had spent the week hunting in this and other towns. On Saturday, he was accompanied by John, 14-year-old son of Walter Carpenter, and the course was near their home, northward about 2:30 p. m. in getting through a fence into the Carpenter farm, near home, a bullet found him, entering the left thigh on the outside. Very fortunately Mr. Carpenter was only a few rods away and the young man was taken home at the best of speed. The local physician, Dr. Mitchell, was not quickly located and Dr. Newell of East Randolph was also summoned. Both arrived about 4:30. After administering first aid, decided to remove him to the Randolph sanatorium, where he was promptly taken by automobile. X-ray photos were taken and it was proven that the ball passed diagonally downward, producing a complete fracture of the thigh bone and lodging there. The ball appeared to be of small caliber, but was flattened. The discharge of the gun was heard by Mr. Carpenter and both boys, but was not very accurately located and probably never will be. Both boys assert that cartridges were removed from both their rifles just before the accident.

Woman's Strange Disappearance.

Mrs. Gertrude A. Farnsworth, who has recently been let a considerable sum of money under the will of a near relative and who is unaware of the legacy, has disappeared from her home in Springfield. All efforts of the woman's family and the police department to secure a clue as to her whereabouts have proved futile. Besides her husband, who is employed by the Balch Trucking company, she has three children, her parents and a sister, Mrs. Farnsworth is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wheldon. She has lived in Rutland and Boston. The family ascribe no reason for the woman's disappearance. The woman is described as middle-aged, about five feet tall, brown hair and blue eyes. Owing to trouble with her feet Mrs. Farnsworth's walk is particularly noticeable. Chief of Police D. J. MacDonald asks that he or some member of Mrs. Farnsworth's family be notified if any clue is obtained as to the woman's whereabouts.

Born in St. Johnsbury.

Four generations, all males and all born on Sunday, is the unusual record of the Stone family of Rosindale, Mass. Silas H. Stone was born July 23, 1833 in St. Johnsbury; Harvey E. Stone, born June 19, 1861 in Danville; Leon V. Stone born September 27, 1891 in Buffalo, N. Y.; and Harvey E. Stone, 2nd, born April 4, 1915 in Rosindale. Mr. and Mrs. Stone senior celebrated their golden wedding six years ago and both are confident that they will celebrate their 60th on Mar. 24, 1920.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Now write an Ad for next week.

MAD RICT OF COLORS.

Grotesque Native Fashions 'on the West Coast of Africa.

A somewhat amusing description of the arrival of a ship on the African coast near Sierra Leone is given by Mrs. Horace Tremlett in her book "With the Tin Gods." She says the ship was met by a multitude of primitive native canoes manned by naked savages, but evidences of civilization were not lacking in the later arrivals.

"They were followed in a more leisurely and decorous fashion by boats, also containing colored people, but clothed and apparently in their right mind, and these climbed up the companionway and swarmed in dozens all over the decks and into the saloons, taking possession of the ship. No one appeared to resent their behavior, and they crowded into the drawing room, looting about on the settees and chairs. Some of them thumped out hymns and cakewalks with merciless enthusiasm on the piano, while the others whistled or sang the tune in various and divergent keys. They had evidently come on board to enjoy themselves, and every black face was decorated with an expansive and genial grin of pleasure.

"The men were dressed in decent ready made suits of dark tweed or cloth and, though adorned with a good deal of jewelry in the way of watch chains, pins and rings, were quite presentable. But their womenfolk were the most ludicrous caricature of civilization it is possible to imagine. Many of them wore silk and satin dresses, frilled, gathered and draped about their bulky figures. Red and yellow appeared to be the most popular colors, although purple and green were a close second, and I remember a very striking costume of emerald green velvet with bright pink satin facings and frills of deep coffee colored lace that surely must have been the envy of all beholders. Huge hats of grotesque shapes were perched indifferently on their black woolly heads. Magenta feathers strove with scarlet poppies, and vivid blue roses wrestled with yellow ribbons on a mauve hat.

"Bangles and chains composed of everything from colored glass to fine gold jingled and rattled as they moved about and glistened equally with their coal black eyes and gleaming white teeth. They chattered and gibbered like a troop of monkeys, and pandemonium reigned on board for several hours. It transpired that they were the native aristocracy of Sar' Leone, merchants and traders with their ladies, who made a point of boarding the mail boat whenever possible, generally to bid farewell to one of their number who is traveling down the coast. They look upon it as a legitimate excuse for a spree, and as a large proportion of the ship's cargo depends upon their good will they are encouraged to make the most of the occasion."

Loan and Lend.

Many errors are committed in the name of usage. That's why, today, the dictionaries permit one to use "loan" as a verb instead of "lend." The highest philological authorities, among whom is Richard Grant White, say that "loan" is absolutely the noun form of the word.

"Lend me a dollar" is correct. Further, when the man has lent you the dollar you have obtained the loan and presumably will repay it. We negotiate for loans and obtain them if we person is willing to lend them to us. One cannot loan a loan any more than one can lend a lend. If we insist on using loan as a verb the word "lend" is so much excess matter in the lexicon.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Historical Misnomers.

History is full of misnomers. Our fathers began to call Lincoln Old Abe when he was only fifty-one years of age. He died at fifty-six and so never was old. The most famous regiment that has participated in any American war was Morgan's Virginia Riflemen of the Revolution. But 192 of those troops were from Pennsylvania and only 163 from Virginia and 66 from Maryland.

The pet name for Napoleon was the Little Corporal, but he never was a corporal. He entered the French army as a lieutenant.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony.

It is said that when Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, died "a river was turned aside to make place in its bed for his grace, and when he was buried the water was again let into its former channel and the prisoners who had helped to bury him were killed so that no one might find out where the conqueror of Rome was buried." The river turned was the Busento and the place near Cosentino, Italy.

Perfectly Natural.

"Why does that young man reach in his pocket and draw out a package of papers as soon as he begins to talk to any one?"

"That's a mere matter of habit. You see, he is a life insurance agent."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

In the Modern Flat.

Prospective Tenant (dubiously)—Well, I'd take the place—it has modern improvements, and so forth, as you say—but I don't like that ugly crack in the wall over there. Janitor (hastily)—Crack, sir? Why, that's the private hall.—Puck.

Explained.

"Always thought you were too lazy to run like this for a car, old man."

"It's all right, old top. Laziness runs in our family."—Browning's Magazine.

The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.—Pone.

Expecting Another Drop.

Some time ago Mrs. Green called on her friend, Mrs. White, and, after clutching, kissing and saying how dreadfully delighted they were to see each other, they turned to the interesting topics of the day.

"By the way," said Mrs. Green after a time, "I haven't heard anything about Eva's divorce lately. I wonder what has become of it?"

"I heard a few days ago that she had dropped all proceedings," answered Mrs. White.

"Dropped all proceedings?" was the wondering rejoinder of Mrs. Green. "You don't really mean it?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. White. "Her husband has taken to scrooping, and she has decided to let the thing adjust itself."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Interesting Comparison.

"It beats all how luck does play favorites," remarked Farmer Cornsossel. "I jes' been to see Ezra Hankins."

"How's he gettin' along since he hurt his foot?"

"He's purty plum. The doctor charged him \$100 fur cuttin' his foot off. An' when the railroad cut off Uncle Jake's foot the company paid him \$600 in cash. Maybe these great corporations ain't as graspin' as some people says."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

"See here, boss, I ordered tripe and beans, with coffee, and the waitress has brought me a lettuce sandwich and a cup of weak tea."

"You must excuse her, sir. All due to absentmindedness. She's a former society girl, and she can't seem to grasp the idea that a quick lunch is not a function."—Chicago News.

Presence of Mind.

"That woman over there looks as if she were painted."

"Sir, that is my wife."

"I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael and had just stepped out of the frame."—Exchange.

Risky.

A girl may warble to you that she doesn't like flattery, but don't take a chance on telling her that she looks like a rhinoceros.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Faint hearted men are the fruit of luxurious countries.—Herodotus.

AN ARAB LEGEND.

Story of the Covetous Man Who Went a Step Too Far.

The Arabs tell a story to show how a mean man's philosophy overshoots itself. Under the reign of the first caliph there was a merchant of Bagdad equally rich and avaricious.

One day he bargained with a porter to carry home for him a basket of porcelain vases for 10 paras. As they went along he said to the man: "My friend, you are young, and I am old. You can still earn plenty. Strike a para from your hire."

"Willingly," replied the porter. This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive.

As he went upstairs the merchant said, "If you will resign the last para I will give you three pieces of advice."

"Be it so," said the porter. "Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to be poor than rich do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to walk than ride in your carriage do not believe him."

"My dear sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before. But if you will listen to me I will give you such advice as you never heard before." The merchant turned around, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said, "If any one tells you that one of your vases is broken do not believe him."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

This Week We Are Featuring A New Collection Of Evening Gowns

in the delicate shades of Light Blue, Maize, Pink, Nile and Lavender—also White. These are dresses that will grace any Evening Social Function. Daintily made from Crepe de Chine, Chiffon, Messaline and Taffeta, combined with pretty Laces, Bandings and Velvet Ribbons in contrasting shades.

Conservatively priced at

\$12.50, 15.00, 16.50, 17.50 and \$20.00 Each

We Have Just Opened Our Complete Holiday Line Of

FANCY APRONS

Special Display in our South Window This Week

With Some Remarkable Values At 25c and 50c

These are the celebrated "Acorn" brand which we have distributed regularly for the past 10 years, each year with a little more value crowded into the aprons which sell at the above prices. Finer Materials, Prettier Styles and the "Acorn" Grade of Workmanship still kept up to the standard.

Finer grades of Muslin and Lawn Aprons at **75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25**
A good line of Figured Percale Kimono and "Cover All" Aprons at **25c, 39c, 50c and 69c**

LEACH & WATERMAN

11 Railroad Street St. Johnsbury, Vt.